

The World.

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THE TAXI TERROR.

SECRETARY OF STATE LAZANSKY declares that he will ask the State Legislature for a law to prevent thugs and criminals from acting as chauffeurs of public licensed taxicabs. The police have done little to check this evil. The Aldermen have done less.

At the time of the Montani taxicab robbery the police themselves estimated that two hundred ex-convicts were driving taxicabs in this city. The Rosenthal murder has been only the most conspicuous of many bold and daring crimes that have shown how readily thieves and murderers can find accomplices among taxicab drivers to take them to the scene of their dirty work and contrive a quick getaway. The citizen who takes a taxicab is at the mercy of any crook or criminal who happens to sit in the chauffeur's seat.

The situation is scandalous. Are there then no city ordinances? Are there no Aldermen to make them? Since the beginning of the year the Aldermen have promised at intervals to take up the question of taxicab licenses and taxicab fares. They have done nothing. Do they mean to let the New York taxicab go on its own lawless, reckless course until it becomes even more notoriously bandit, robber and outlaw? Are they not content to have it already a byword—an object of amazement and contempt to visitors?

DOUGH BAG DIPLOMATS.

THE report that an Ambassador from the United States to an important European court was forced to retire to make room for a rich friend of the President who had contributed \$85,000 to that President's campaign fund has never made pleasant reading. Nor does the explanation that public criticism changed the plan and sent the rich man to a lesser post make it less disagreeable.

This man seems in any case to have been the most generous of several contributing diplomats. A published list of friends of the President now holding the highest diplomatic positions abroad, together with the sums which they individually contributed to campaign funds, challenges the instant criticism that several of these gentlemen are neither by training, character nor achievement as worthy to represent this country in the highest foreign circles as many men more acute, more scholarly, more distinguished, whose pocketbooks could not, however, open so widely before election time.

It is a pity that this criticism is just. It is a pity that we cannot point to more names of highest distinction among our Ambassadors and Ministers. It is far worse than a pity that the presence of any representative of the United States in the capital of a foreign government should have to be explained or excused either by his check-book or by his campaign contribution.

A CASE FOR THE KNIFE.

SO IT has come. A call for a mass meeting at Cooper Union signed by Jacob H. Schiff and others reads: "Protection of life and property is a basic duty of government. Recent developments show a degree of lawlessness that vitally threatens the community. It is necessary for private citizens to act. A mass meeting will be held at Cooper Union soon to adopt a suitable programme, including the support of such effective efforts as are put forth by public authorities to reassure our citizens and to eliminate lawlessness."

Those who have started the movement say they will spare no expense to induce the best lawyers obtainable "to devote all their time to severing the alliance between the police and the underworld."

It is the only hope. Cool, expert diagnosis and operation by an honest, disinterested surgeon is the only thing that will remove the ugly growth that weakens and poisons authority in this city.

The patient must go under the knife. No more delay and self-treatment.

THOSE negro delegates are going to have a hard job making a Bull Moose look like Marse Linkum.

Letters From the People

Why?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish some one would think out an answer to this. "Why is it that when we walk we swing our right and left arms opposite to the direction we move our right and left legs?" JAS. J.

Employees' Vacations.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have read a letter of a "Downtown Merchant" who says he gives his employees two weeks' vacation with pay and wants to know if he is doing right. Let me tell him that if he pays his employees fair wages and treats them fairly he is doing the right thing. He will have the good wishes of his employees and will get more work and faithfulness in return. He, no doubt, gets many little overtime and other helpful acts which are never paid for. On the other hand, I read a letter by a man who says he never gives his employees a vacation with pay and does not see why he should even give his wife and daughters a vacation. This is truly typical of many men. They lay their employees off for two or four weeks in summer without pay and consequently have a lot of discontented employees, who work because they have to and who care little for their firm's interests.

Achilles and the Turtle.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reply to Zen's paradox of "Achilles and the Turtle," I would like to say that it would be impossible for Achilles to catch the turtle (in figures on paper). For he would be unable to run or move in such short—as figures would require of him. He would to all appearances be standing still. But, taken practically, we soon see that he would overtake the turtle.

Discarding the Ace

By Robert Minor



The Jarr Family



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IF Mrs. Jarr could have seen the "Welcome, Stranger!" greeting her husband received in Gus's popular cafe at the corner, the other evening, it might possibly have hushed forever her columns that he constantly frequented the place.

"Why, hello! Is it you, ain't it?" cried Gus. "My, my! The sight of you is good for blind eyes!"

"You needn't stayed away because you don't want to see me about an account of that balance what is owed me," grumbled the butcher.

"No, neither," volunteered Muller, the grocer. "Let bygones be bygones; and, anyway, we meet here on pleasure, not business. I could sue you in the municipal court for them twenty-seven dollars what is owed me, but I wouldn't be mad at you about it even if you paid me in court, when we met here in Gus's."

"And it's sixty cents owed me for putting in two winter lights, and yet I wouldn't mention it here in Gus's," said Slavinsky, the glazier. "Even if you pay it now I wouldn't be insulted."

Mr. Dinkston, formerly of Brooklyn, and holder of all records as heavy-weight champion of the English language, laid a gentle hand upon Mr. Jarr's arm.

"I deprecate, naturally, the crass and inconsiderate commercial trend the conversation has assumed," said he. "And," he bowed to the others, "I ask your forbearance in extricating our friend from the unfortunate embarrassment that your untimely loquacity must entail upon him. I crave the indulgence of those present for a brief space that I may confer with Mr. Jarr, in camera, as one might say. We seek the privacy and seclusion of the rear apartment for a brief space of time."

So saying he led Mr. Jarr to the back room and whispered, "I take Chronos by the forelock, so to speak. May I ask that the ebullient greetings, the felicitations upon your return, the acclamations and salutations may not wholly obviate a matter extremely necessary? While I am not averse to being under pecuniary obligations, even to so old an associate, candor compels me to state that my financial condition is calamitous. May I request financial assistance?"

"How much?" asked Mr. Jarr, putting his hand into his trousers pocket and manipulating the money it contained so that a small roll of bills stayed hidden in its recesses, while a few silver coins might be brought to view.

"My request is but for currency sufficient to preserve the amenities of conviviality," said Mr. Dinkston.

"The price of a round, eh?" said Mr. Jarr. "Most of them take beer. A half dollar will do, what?"

Mr. Jarr Learns How Popular a Man Can Be—With his Creditors

"Such a sum is prodigal," said Mr. Dinkston. "Thank you indeed, and when the present difficulties that beset me have passed, when my exchequer is again replenished, when the House of Dinkston flourishes once more, and the states of which we have been wrongfully, ay, WRONGFULLY, deprived, shall once more revert from the distant alms to a maternal aunt who has our two-family dwelling on Jerusalem street in the Borough of Brooklyn—then you will be compensated in full!"

So saying, he led Mr. Jarr back into the bar and cried merrily:

"And now with us shall let us acclaim our Strephon returned to us!"

"I wouldn't let him call me that!" said Gus darkly. "That fellow has a way of insulting you and you don't know it."

"It is all right," said Mr. Jarr genially. "Dinkston rejoices that I am with you once again. He was afraid I might be in bad company some place else. And he wants to set 'em up!"

"What?" exclaimed Gus. "HIM set 'em up? Let me see his money first!"

Mr. Dinkston, with a lofty air, threw down the fifty cent piece he had borrowed from Mr. Jarr.

"Ho, landlord, behold the trinket!" he cried. "A stoup of your best Falernian!"

"I don't handle that brow, and there's no drinking on the stoop. I ain't got a stoop!" said Gus.

"Well, let us assuage our thirst. What says the Hungarian poet of an 'elder day'?"

"Fill up the can, keep out the cold, plighting men make thirsty cattle!"

"The weather ain't cold, and there's going to be no fighting here," said Gus. "What you all going to have?"

They mentioned their several desires, and then Gus said, "Now, seeing that this big-word bum he treats, I am going to treat, too."

"True temperance consists of moderation," said Mr. Dinkston. "I shall hold your proffer of unexpected hospitality as a hostage against future aridity."

"What are you talking about?" asked Gus, peevishly.

"I will need my thorax moistened again in just about half an hour," said Mr. Dinkston. "Save the drink you would give me now till then. Meanwhile, unless I mistake, Mr. Jarr invites us to a libation?"

GOLDSMITH'S CHARITY.
Among doctors underpaid Goldsmith has a place. Endeavors to hide the patches in his second-hand coat sometimes made the examination of a patient difficult. But even so, his tender Irish heart made him careless of his fee in the face of poverty, and it is recorded that he occasionally left money in a pill box labelled, "To be taken as required." When he judged such to be the really needed medicine. It was in Southway that he practised as a doctor, and it was through one of his Southway patients—a journeyman printer—that he was introduced to Richardson, and so to his high place in the world of letters—London Chronicle.

GENERAL.
"What's your idea of prosperity?"
"Always a little more than I have."
Detroit Free Press.

Sayings of MRS SOLOMON— BEING THE CONFESSIONS OF THE SEVEN HUNDREDTH WIFE TRANSLATED BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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My Daughters, hear now the "Maiden's Prayer, without variations," which the Wise Virgin chantereth in her heart:
Oh, Providence, in Thy mercy, I beseech Thee, grant me these three:

A level head, a soft tongue, and a sense of humor!
And the greatest of these is a SENSE OF HUMOR.
Lo, I do not ask for wealth, nor for beauty, nor for love; for, having a level head, and a soft tongue, all these things shall be added unto me.
A crooked nose line, I can bear it. And curling hair I shall not crave. I sigh not for the charms of an hour; and though ONE husband be all that is granted unto me in this day of Progressive Matrimony, I shall not murmur.
Though my waist line increaseth, year by year, and my teeth depart one by one, I shall not be cast down.
For, a cheerful disposition shall sustain me, and the smile that cometh not of shall keep me charming.
Though chorus girls marry above me; though I never build mine oil bungalow; though my frocks be made over, and my complexion made up I shall not repine.
For, behold, I shall not take myself SERIOUSLY, nor be filled with FALSE ILLUSIONS concerning MEN.
Lo, a woman that regardeth herself seriously is a human joke; and a woman that dallyeth with illusions is as a babe that playeth with matches. She burneth her own fingers.
Though my cooking be deadly, and my shoes "number sevens," I shall not despair. For a sense of humor shall cover me as a mackintosh, of which the lemons, that Fate casteth at me, shall roll, as water.
Verily, verily, a woman WITHOUT a sense of humor is as one that goeth into New Jersey clad in open works. She layeth herself bare to constant STINGS; she suffereth untold pangs.
Then grant me, I pray Thee, this one panacea:
That I may laugh when men laugh, and the point of their jokes shall not escape me.
That I may not tremble at their wrath, nor seither under their sarcasm, nor repine at their grouches.
And that, all the "ays of my youth, I shall dwell in the enjoyment of life, repartee, and the pursuit of a husband! Amen.

A POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA

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256.—Why won't a polished tin pan bake bread as readily as an iron one?
257.—What is the origin of "pin money"?
258.—Does a fan cool the air?
259.—Why do grapes never ferment while on the vine?
260.—What makes unripe apples sour?

THESE questions will be answered Wednesday. Here are replies to Friday's:

251.—(Why are the body's bones so different in shape?)—The long bones are used for motion; the broad and flat bones for protection; the square and short bones are for both motion and strength.

252.—(Why are three gilt balls used for pawnbrokers' signs?)—The Medici family of Florence were money lenders. Their coat of arms bore three gilt balls.

253.—(Why are wet summers often followed by very cold winters?)—The great evaporation that has continued through the summer reduces the temperature of the earth and produces cold.

254.—(Why does heat melt metal?)—It forces the metal's solid particles asunder until the power of cohesion is sufficiently overcome to change the solid metal into a liquid.

255.—(What is the origin of the word "Hurrah")?—It comes from the Slavonic phrase "Hu-ray," meaning "To Paradise!" This was a battle cry among the Slavs.

Fables of Everyday Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE REAL THING.
ONCE upon a time there was a married man. When you use the term "married man" immediately visions of responsibility and honesty, steady, down-to-the-ground, grindstone conclusions that go with the "married man" flit through your mind.

This man was no exception. He married a "bride" and learned a matter of course. So she touched upon this idea and that, until the man MAILED at her fund of KNOWLEDGE and DELIGHT. In his easy expression of things which he did not dream women were interested in or knew anything about.

What a lovely woman, he thought. How he ENVIED the other man! What a COMFORT it would be to be in CON-STANT company of such a companion! After the business was over the wife came in and joined in the general talk. On his way home he reflected. He wondered if it wasn't a MISTAKE to marry a woman who did not know things. The next day he reflected more. And so for several days to come, until he began to pity himself every time he thought of the lucky man—his friend.

Now it came to pass that the man and his wife were being entertained in a large company of THINKING people. By a usual circumstance they were separated in the party. But the husband accidentally found himself near his wife who was talking to an old diplomat.

He could not believe his ears! She was talking on subjects and displayed a complete knowledge of things of which he had never dreamed she was CAPABLE.

On several other occasions he noted similar ideas that she had evolved and how her listeners seemed DELIGHTED in her company.

He was surprised to find that in the everyday, when he was not about, she had not been lacking in looking up the life about her, and had absorbed many things in HER studies, quiet way that he had not thought she possessed, because he had never assumed that she was capable of any more than being the foremost wife he had looked for.

MORAL: IN LOOKING OVER THE REAL THING DON'T OVERLOOK WHAT IS AT YOUR DOOR!

Great-Idea Jerry

By Sullivan

